

Chapter 7

The Trista years

What the hell was this? A very bad joke to the pit I'm still stuck in today. Trista kept at me and I was like listen I don't find you attractive and your not very nice to people and then she moved in to escape her parents, I get it and I was like ok we are a team but I love the Philippines and transgender, I'm just waiting on divorce and if you move in rent goes from 320 to 280 there are 6 of us in the house now and a dog and cat .

Jeff's house was a great place of all kinds of fun. We all had pcs and would game all the time mostly Minecraft, the PCs and and Ross had where from a gaming store that closed down because the owners wife had cancer so we got a good deal on them . We eventually had, me, Trista,(sheimpster, pumped up kicks, shrista, trips) Jeff(jiff, biff, jiffy , jiffy pop, Orville red and bocker, jimmy, chimp, yiff , batch), Carrie(keyoshi), Ross (rossomiose), Adolfo (Adoldo), Kiley(?) ,and occasionally rogue agent/ war cock/ Anglo-Saxons/josh. I had half a reck room /laundry room that I used a painting drop cloth to separate the rooms with a mattress on the floor and a desk with my computer. I had gained a lot of weight being married 360 pounds was my biggest on the scale but I didn't check everyday, I had to start not being a bad person. So at McDonald's I started eating giant salads and was working out all the time at home if Trista allowed it. Me and my ex wife had a deal that if I get to pursue the Philippines and helping at least 1 person get to America as well as use all my extra to try and build something there to help people. And I leave her alone and basically let her do whatever she wants. Deal I don't nag her to death to be a good person pushing her into believing she's going to die and I get to just be a good person on my own terms , but the stipulation of she needs another kid to use to manipulate the system, commit fraud by lying on documents and using children as a tool in order to make money , so commit acts of evil I was trying to get her to stop committing. But Jeff's house was great for a very long time other than Trista. She was unattractive and often very rude as well as so angry at almost everything, she had absolute control . I was still at McDonald's and I was waiting to start another relationship over seas telly divorce was finalized. Well a lot of time had passed . I became maintenance at McDonald's and I was on a new sex with Trista year because I needed her to understand I'm leaving as soon as that divorce goes thru and in no way am I using her . But we still had good times in-between the rage and jealousy she had. In my small town girl where not all over so it was definitely odd , who am I even talking too? One day in a rain storm my boss decided to have me sweep the room in the rain because there was a leak in the room that the roofers couldn't find , so it was my fault it wasn't fixed. This was after my extended 2 week notice that my boss turned into a 1 and a half month notice. I jumped off that roof and started my job at a senior center as a waiter now again working side by side with Trista and enna my amazing philippines friend. But this created a way for Trista to never physically leave my sight, every second of every day she could watch every move I made and still , even without a cell phone because only cheating men have cell phones , I found a way to hit up a girl? I can't explain how another person

could have even tried, I'd have to have the power to stop time. But I learned every seniors name and order over that... 6 months? During this time I started really expanding my martial arts book collection and needed a way to practice what I'm reading , this started fight club 1 day a week after work. Because I didn't like being around Trista and she was less likely to be enraged when others where around that where only male, fight club was great. Then d and d night, video game night, movie nights with my friend from McDonald's Stacey (male) and Friday party, Saturday larping and Sunday I think we went thrift store hunting for movies , good food and Martial arts books. So every day of the week I never stopped running and just kept waiting for this divorce to start my true life. The divorce finally after 2 years of this nonsense finally happened, I'm thinking here is freedom, no more Trista no more small town, I'm going to start saving and help my girl over seas. But nope , day 1 with my letter of divorce I got a child support letter claiming that because I didn't interact with my ex wife and the girl / now son who I might not have even seen yet. I owe 80,000\$ and my visa rights have been removed as well as my savings in my bank account wiped clean with a phone call not too long after explaining jail time and that I basically no longer had rights because my ex wife lied.

And About this time the group started to fall apart when Joe had a kid, Ross ? I don't know. Jeff got extra weird, Adolfo was going to move out and I think Kailey broke up with him , Kailey had this super hot friend who worked at a pet store. And Carrie was working a lot so we had to leave? . I know I suck and Trista is a monster. So I said maine , Portland and next thing you know I'm in a uhaul to Portland Oregon. We got this 1,200\$ a month studio as well as we ordered 2 online motorcycles that we never got because it showed up as fraud, my money went into pending and I'm now broke without a ride in Oregon with a girl I don't like in debt 80,000\$ and making less than 700 a month working full time. I felt just hopeless so I think that's when me and Trista had sex again, she cannot have a clitoral orgasm from oral sex and that is a huge turn off , so even when we did it felt pointless and I had to come up with something to get free just to still be screwed, basically giving up on life goals, dreams and being a good person. So we got a job at big lots , they said o yeah you can get 40 hours (if your a manager☺) so I Excelled in truck at 1am and made literally no money because child support takes everything entail I make that first 200 a week , but at 20 hours I don't make 200 so I made like 70\$ every 2 weeks working. I needed a way out but under Tristas iron fist I don't don't get to just do things, I also had no car/bike/ anything. But across the street was pawn USA the Canadian company using Americas homeless to send money to Canada. But I worked a full week as unpaid training hours, my boss was done gross ex military kid who would crew all day and thinks the apocalypse is upon us so he's collecting gold. I just needed 40 hours. This wasn't going to work with child support so about the same time a job me and trista both applied to called us. Bridge port village, with centercal security with security supervisor Richard dewg (not dawg) somehow during with time I worked for Jack in the box I think after big lots but before pawn shop? I had put iny 2 weeks there about a month ago. But the drug addicts in the lobby got a long great with the drug addicts as managers and Trista also worked

there, I had left about Christmas time because that when I got fired for insubordination after my 2 weeks had all ready expired, one thing about Jack in the box is they skipped my training because I worked at McDonald's, but they would get upset saying I'm working like I work at McDonald's not Jack in the box, who cares? It's trash evil food, no one speaks English and my trainee just walked out while you took your 2 hour extra smoke brake while there's no running water, so I just say we don't have drinks. So on Christmas Day we where the only thing open and trista gave me her shift, at this point I think because I got the security job and she didn't I crossed the line and we started the true break up process that only she could initiate. I had to use her car to go to work but she kept all the motorcycle money, and I paid for the repairs on the car plus gas so I had 0\$ at any given moment just to go to work to pay my ex wife to not work and smoke. But all of my thoughts on security where in imagination land or from one of rossee friends dads who clearly exaggerated trying to make himself seem less worthless because security is a completely worthless job. Your job is to report things that could effect insurance claims on property while property management is busy doing other things. Of course I had to stand for truth and justice anyways doing wayyyyyy to much extra stuff for everyone. Try and fix your a/c? Got you. Fix a flat tire? Rusted breaks? Lock your keys in your car, on it! Pick up food for a manager of a store I patrolled? No problem, and ride a bike to help loose weight. Trista of course being living behavior got a transgender girlfriend and rubbed it in my face shes better then me, of course she doesn't pay child support so she's automatically better. But that's just how she was. I really thought about how I'm going to illegally leave the country to be a good person again and isn't coming up with a good answer . I started online local dating I met Briana she's Russian and lives in New Jersey , another place I would love to be because of the toxic avenger and troma with director Loyd kofmin. But as cute as Brian was she never got a job, I wasn't going to fly there if she didn't work and couldn't explain her living situation with child support itching to lock me up for this instant charge of 80,000\$ held over my head like a noose. So I kept in contact for a long time, and moved on to Miranda a thick yummy trans girl from Texas who wanted to move to Seattle, so I said let's work together to get us there, I thought if I can't be even remotely successful in any life goal because of my ex wife I'll just marry a girl here and wait to dies villain. During are time together I met Alisa omg that body and she literally would talk to me, she had just had a miscarriage and was pumping in her car to sell the milk to charity. I don't remember how we started talking but I don't think I realized she was pumping but we started talking and I don't know I just didn't really occur to me that that's what she was doing when are the end she made it very awkward and was like you know that whole time I had my shirt off and you weren't even? and I'm like no I wasn't even looking. I'm not 100% sure how the next part happened but she came over for separate times for sex. Not being able to cum the first couple times from sex makes it a very long session and with my bike raiding I would just go and go and I found out she would faint . Channel would go into seizures so it wasn't too weird, you just stop , wait, we would rinse off and either start again or she would leave. I didn't know she was married .

But we talked every day and then 1 day it was just over between us. And after a while I expected I was going to taste her ever again. But I still had Miranda in my future in Seattle, the complexity of me and Trista's lease ending meant I'd be homeless in Oregon if I didn't act fast and I'd need my own wheels. So me and Trista agreed to use some of the motorcycle money to get an endorsement on a license. I went with my 1000\$ savings and got my Honda reflex. And moved into a security guard's house who worked somewhere else, he lived near a h-mart but during this time I only would eat out of the trash to save enough for rent and my future in Seattle. This guy was crazy his cats were dying from fleas and there was an ant infection with home being a drunk, weed smoking, dirty person who I didn't care for. My dad came over one time and said why are you near this guy? So I know that the only way I survived my ex wife's evil before was a relationship I didn't want so I went out and looked for a romantic roommate. I met...? She was from Mexico and didn't really speak English, but she turned out to be trans, we met at an Indian restaurant, I drove her on my scooter and after she wanted to go somewhere in Spanish? We went to a sex shop, I'm only thinking lube or condoms, but down stairs there were sex rooms and we enjoyed very much, it was exactly what I imagined my whole life, she was amazing and I was surprised I was so into a girl who wasn't fat. Trista was skinny and I guess I just thought it was because of that I didn't really like her sex, even after I helped grow her boobs from A to D. But after that night she sent me a Spanish message saying I needed to house her and she needed a green card, I could easily get a green card but I can't house that's why I'm even considering this whole thing. I also tried to have sex with a man and I definitely was not able to get it up, I was incredibly uncomfortable and I had to leave. One of the days in my flea infested apartment room Trista came over for sex, she would often complain about how bad my sex was but I don't think she actually meant it. Then I met the librarian. I also got a scooter. And my new found time without Trista gave me a lot of freedom I had never had in my life yet so I made friends with 120 who is still my friend today. We would go out together after work as friends, I would go to her house on occasion, we did girls night where I'd dress up as Lora and that was all right for the fun of it. I got a call while at Nyberg's my home location from some guy who was trying to get my full security number because a lady from Washington sold it to him and it's not working and he found my number, I didn't give it to him and this is when I found out my identity was being sold, now it's either my mom or my ex wife.